

# Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.  
 "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 9.



THEIR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

## THEIR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

This beautiful picture represents the guardian angel of these two children saving them from falling over a precipice.

Hundreds of millions in Christian countries believe in guardian angels. It is certainly a question how far the spiritual powers that may be about us control human actions. Several incidents in the early history of our humane societies would seem almost miraculous if not controlled by power higher than our own.

In our own life we have in several instances narrowly escaped death, particularly when in double pneumonia the eminent specialist said it would be useless for him to call again, as it was impossible for us to live. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## ANDREW CARNEGIE TO BE PRESIDENT.

[From the Detroit Journal.]

PITTSBURG, Nov. 17.—For the good of humanity and the promotion of peace throughout the world, as well as for the creation of a board of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor in Pittsburg, initial steps have been taken for the formation of a peace society. Andrew Carnegie, who will be the honorary president, has given it his heartiest approval. Rev. Dr. Levy, rabbi of the Eighth Street Temple, has returned from New York, where he outlined the movement to Mr. Carnegie, and received assurances of his heartiest approval. The movement had its inception in the peace meeting recently held in the Temple Rodeph Shalom.

"It is the purpose of the society to develop public sentiment by means of public meetings," said Dr. Levy. "We propose to have a weekly paper or magazine to assist in carrying on the work; to introduce the peace question in the schools, offering prizes for competitive essays on peace, while the offer of a large sum will be made to the writer of a novel for children dealing with arbitration and peace, and the appointment of an annual peace day by the state and national authorities to be celebrated as are other holidays."

"Another feature will be the introduction of peace toys instead of the toys of war among children, and thus teach them from the earliest possible age that peace is right. It is also proposed to bring about as speedily as possible a treaty of arbitration between the United States and England."

"I am in a position to say that one person stands ready to offer \$1,000 as an award for a novel dealing with the peace question as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' dealt with slavery."

## OUR POLICEMEN AND COACHMEN.

With the coming of the New Year there came two kind remembrances in the form of complimentary invitations to attend, with ladies, the policemen's annual ball and the annual ball of the Coachmen's Benevolent Association. They carry our thoughts back to the organization of our Society in 1868, when we secured from the city government the services of seventeen policemen, who, dressed in their best uniforms, were placed under our orders for three weeks to canvass the whole city for funds to start our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Also, to a delightful evening we once passed in addressing the hundreds of coachmen belonging to the Coachmen's Benevolent Association, and to various contributions which they have given to our Massachusetts Society. It is with intense satisfaction that we often think of the kindness we have received from our Boston policemen, and from the members of that excellent Boston institution, the Coachmen's Benevolent Association. And as on this New Year we think of these pleasant things, there comes to mind another delightful remembrance of how the pupils in one of the largest parochial schools in our state, where we had formed Bands of Mercy, sent us through their teachers a message asking that all the pupils in that school might have the privilege of considering themselves our personal friends. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We think an amusing, as well as interesting, book might be written on Christmas presents. For instance, on one that came to us was written: "Look! You will see in this package the handsomest man I know. With a Merry Christmas and much love." And on opening the very beautiful leather case that enclosed it we found a fine mirror, in which we could see no other face but our own.

Another present at first glance looked like a bank bill of large denomination, but on further examination was found to be on the "Bank of Prosperity" giving us three hundred and sixty-five days of unbroken happiness, value received in our friendship, and with the kind wishes of its sender. Two others were of especial value as being hand-painted by their givers. Among the kind letters, one of the best, enclosing a check of fifty dollars to our American Humane Education Society, read as follows:—

DEAR FRIEND:—

The joyous season we celebrate as the birth of our Blessed Saviour is near at hand, but remembering this gift to us, far be it from us to forget those of His creatures who are the work of His hands and labor for us, adding to our pleasure in more ways than one. God bless you, my friend, and may your life long be spared to carry on the blessed work in which you have been so long engaged.

I enclose you my check for the purpose, and may you have a holy, happy Christmas, with many returns of the season.

And another from Mr. R. B. Archibald, a prominent lawyer of Jacksonville, Florida, we also highly prize:—

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir:— \* \* \* Ever since you addressed the people of Jacksonville, Florida, some twenty-five years ago, I have held you in the highest esteem and you have held a warm place in my heart.

You are known widely over the world for what you

have done for dumb animals (a great work), but in my judgment you have done as much and more for mankind in the work you have wrought on human hearts.

Wishing you a long and happy life, I remain, as ever,  
Sincerely your friend,

R. B. ARCHIBALD.

Will all our friends who have sent us their kind Christmas remembrances accept our kindest thanks. They give us new strength and courage to carry on the work so dear both to them and us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.

Our readers will remember how Dick Martin of Galway, Ireland, secured from the British Parliament the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals. If we remember rightly, in the first case he prosecuted under that law he brought an abused donkey into the court-room to testify in its own behalf. We have never had in America, to our knowledge, just such a case, but we did have one the other day somewhat similar. Our agents, Clark and Phillips, prosecuted a man for abuse of his horse, in the police court at Lawrence, and the court (Judge Stone) after listening to the testimony of the defendant's veterinarian, and the argument of the defendant's lawyer, said he wanted to see the horse; so he adjourned the court, went to the stable, personally examined the horse, and then returned to the court-room and fined the defendant \$15. This sum, added to witness fees, costs of court, and what the defendant had to pay his lawyer and his veterinarian to testify in his behalf, amounted to a sum which we hope may protect the horse from all future cruelty. And this reminds us of what many of our readers will remember, how we brought the great prize-fighter, John L. Sullivan, into court and proved that he twice struck and twice kicked a horse. The court fined him twenty-five dollars for each kick, and Mr. Sullivan paid into our treasury one hundred dollars to aid in the prevention of cruelty to animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE MESSAGE.

There comes to our table on Christmas day, under the above title, a paper prepared by Mrs. Lou E. Rall, superintendent of the Mercy Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana, and which is to be widely distributed over that state and elsewhere. In its leading article it refers to an invitation we had to address the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. at Nashville, Tennessee, and gives our following words:—

The tree of cruelty, like the great banian tree of India, has, it may be, a thousand trunks.

In the animal world millions die of contagious and other diseases which medical science has thus far failed to discover any means of preventing.

Hundreds of thousands die in transportation on our railroads and ocean steamers.

Hundreds of thousands die of cold and starvation on our great plains.

Millions die in our slaughter-houses with unnecessary suffering—often standing and witnessing the slaughter of other animals,

knowing as well as human beings that their turn is coming next.

The moanings of hundreds of thousands of cattle are heard every spring when deprived of their offspring.

Millions of beautiful birds are killed and wounded to supply women with ornaments, and to gratify those who find sport in killing.

To hundreds of thousands of horses life is suffering until death gives relief.

It is no fault of ours.

We are brought into this world by no choice of our own.

We must take it as we find it.

But one thing we can do, namely, try to make it happier and better both for our own generation and for those that will follow us; and one thing there is which strikes right at the roots of all cruelty, and that is humane education—humane education in all our schools and Sunday-schools and homes.

I say, then, that our remedy against the lawlessness and crime now so rapidly growing in this country lies in the humane—which will be found to include also the moral—education of the children, and that this is also the shortest road to reach the parents.

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years,  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
That now the angels sing.

The future historian may tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century \* \* \* was the discovery of the simple fact that the tap roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier, \* \* \* that a public sentiment was built up which made the rich kinder to the poor, the poor kinder to the rich, and all crimes and cruelties infamous, and so in process of time every form of unnecessary human and animal suffering was relieved, and wars, cruelty and crime banished, because every child was taught in all public, private and Sunday-schools, and in a hundred thousand free kindergartens, supported at public expense, to make its own life happier by seizing every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make happier the lives of others, both human and dumb, and that the highest honors of the state and nation were due to those who did the most to increase the nation's happiness.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## DO THE DOCTORS EVER HELP YOU FINANCIALLY?

Answer: Certainly they do. This morning we have from one of them a generous gift, with the statement that *Our Dumb Animals* is the best paper known to the writer, and that in case of the writer's death our cause will receive substantial assistance.

We have received from one aged physician ten thousand dollars, the income of which we pay to the physician during his life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



GREATER THAN  
THE SOLDIER.*From the Chicago Post.*

In the annals of the life-saving service of the United States there appears no higher tribute to the bravery of the hardy life-savers than the rescue of the captain and crew of the stranded ship *North-eastern* off Cape Hatteras. The account of this rescue, this fight of nearly two days to save life in the face of obstacles almost insurmountable, gives us a glimpse of what it means to be a member of this most important branch of the government service.

When the twenty-two men on the *North-eastern* had been safely brought to land it was difficult to say whether they or their brave rescuers were the more exhausted.

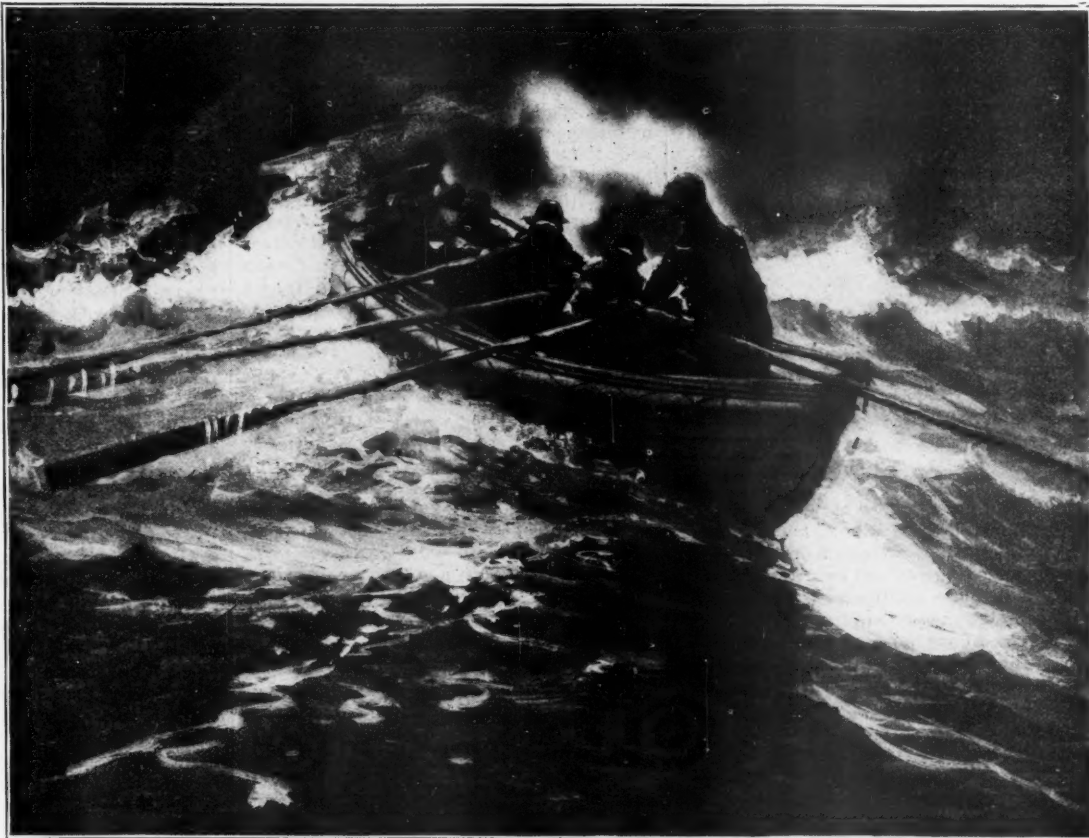
Fighting for three or four hours to get the lifeboats through the boiling surf; fighting to keep the light craft from being dashed to pieces against the iron sides of the wave-beaten vessel; then fighting for hours to regain the shore, tried the physical endurance of the life-savers to the limit. But all this did not lessen their courage.

With such an example of undaunted bravery, such unselfish sacrifice for others, before us, we lose sight of the fact that these life-savers are working for hire. Their duty rises far above all sordid matters. We cannot begin to measure their worth in dollars and cents. The soldier may be brave, but his courage kills. The life-saver must be brave, and the whole purpose of his courage is to preserve the sum of human life, human happiness, human usefulness.

High as we are prone to place the soldier in our national esteem, we cannot be true to the best that is in us unless we place the brave life-saver still higher.

Our readers may remember in our national address, of which more than half a million copies have been sent out over the country, the following passage:—

On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on, and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast, strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.



OUR LIFE SAVERS.

By-and-by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer—comes driving ashore. A signal light is flashed, other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live, the life-boat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a boat cannot live, then a life-line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

We have tried very hard by correspondence with the late Senator Hoar, and other members of Congress, to have these coast-guard life-savers, employed and paid by the government, placed on the same pension list as those enlisted in our army and navy.

We think almost every one will admit that this would be a good thing and ought to be done.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## FIFTEEN VESSELS ASHORE IN VINEYARD HAVEN HARBOR.

In our morning paper of Dec. 19th we find that the day and night before fifteen vessels had been blown ashore by a great storm in Vineyard Haven harbor.

Some dozen or more years ago we visited Cottage City, and became quite familiar with Vineyard Haven harbor. It is one of the most important harbors on our coast, quite narrow, very dangerous in northeasterly gales, but might be perfectly protected with little expense by the free use of oil.

It would be no difficult matter to cover the harbor, at the beginning of storms, with sufficient oil to make all vessels there entirely safe. We did our best by writing the newspapers and otherwise, to bring before the public the importance of this matter; and if we had succeeded as we wanted to, not a single one of those fifteen vessels would have been blown ashore.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A MEDICAL STUDENT.

*(From "The Listener," Boston Transcript.)*

At one of the famous medical schools where vivisection is practised to some extent, a very fine dog was one day last month turned over to a student to be operated upon. There was little reason to believe that the dog would survive the ordeal, as the operation was to be a serious one. As the *Baltimore News* tells the story, the student led the dog into the operating room, and went over to get some instruments. Accidentally he dropped a ball of twine, which went rolling across the floor. The dog immediately bounded after it, and picked it up with his teeth and leaped back to the feet of the student and held it up to him. The young man paused in his hunt for instruments, thought a minute and then dropped a cane. Almost instantly the dog had it between his teeth and held it up to the student. The latter played with the dog for several minutes in this way, and, going to the coatroom, got his hat and coat and took the dog to his home, where he is to-day, a valued and very beautiful acquisition. "I could no more have worked upon that dog," said the student afterward, "than I could have killed a man. His eyes had in them the most human-like expression I have ever seen in a dog's eyes, and those tricks of his quite unnerved me."

We do not object to all the butchers of the world having their statues at Washington, provided that on the pedestal of each shall be the words: "War is Hell."

*The Philistine* says that it requires about three years to build a battleship and about five minutes to sink one.

#### THE TRANSPORTATION OF CALVES.

A letter received from Mr. Jas. P. Hardie of Canton, Pennsylvania.

CANTON, PENN., Jan. 10, 1905.

GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir:—While travelling over the North Central and Pennsylvania Railroads and Erie Railway of late, I have come face to face almost daily with what seems to me to be the greatest suffering that can be imagined—and the country seems to be utterly blind to it all and turns a deaf ear in perfect indifference.

It is this way: Shippers of veal calves take them from the mother cow, haul them to town, which takes perhaps a day; they are put in a loading pen and held another day, until enough are accumulated to make the car-load. Then they are loaded perhaps at evening and kept in car all night to be ready for local train the following morning when, if on a branch road, they are hauled by local freight to a distributing station, where, after being switched around a yard for several hours, they are put in a through train and start for the big city market, which takes on an average two days more to reach. Now what few humane ears hear during the day or night is the pitiful wail of these poor starving creatures who receive not a drop of water nor a morsel of food from the time they leave the mother cow until they reach their destination and death ends their awful misery. For there is nothing, it seems, they can be fed on. Taken away from the cow so young they are not trained to it and must suffer untold agonies until death comes to their relief.

Yours very humanely,  
JAMES P. HARDIE.

Nothing can be more true than that the suffering of all animals just before death poisons the meat, and whoever eats the meat must, to a greater or less extent, suffer in consequence of it. It is not only the duty of our humane societies, but also of all health officers, to do everything in their power to stop this suffering, and we hope that every one who reads this article will do whatever he or she can to prevent this great cruelty. GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### LAWSON'S FRENZIED FINANCE.

The revelations of Mr. Lawson in regard to the financial losses of large corporations and wealthy capitalists in our country carry our thoughts back to the time when we were spending hundreds of dollars in money and thousands of dollars in time in getting evidence and exposing the sale in our markets of poisonous and adulterated foods and drinks and other poisonous and dangerous articles. One of our wealthy friends, a retired merchant, sent for us to come to his office one day, and said, "Mr. Angell, I do not think that with your moderate property you ought to be fighting these enormous

adulterating corporations and capitalists, who could very readily pool in hundreds of thousands of dollars to harass you and take perhaps all the property you have." We replied, "Ought not somebody to do it?" He said, "Yes." "Will you do it?" Not for a moment could he think of it. "Well, everybody knows that I am the president of a humane society, giving my time and services without any pecuniary compensation whatever to humane work, and have never been a candidate for any political office; can you think of anybody who can do the business any better than I can?" He said he could not, and so we decided to go on.

As a little sample of things, one noted chemist testified that not more than two and one-half per cent. of the milk of Cambridge was adulterated, and he did not think much more than that of Boston was adulterated; the fact being that there was hardly two and one-half per cent. of the milk of Boston or Cambridge that was not adulterated, and probably thousands of babies had suffered and died by using this adulterated food. Sometime afterwards we discovered and published in the *Boston Herald* that this chemist had been paid a hundred dollars for telling a milkman how to adulterate his milk. This is only one sample. When we finally carried the matter to Washington, we became satisfied that not only did these adulterating corporations and capitalists control to a large extent the press and the National Board of Trade, but also the National Board of Health, and we were told by one of the leading lawyers of Washington that our attempt to attack this tremendous power was very much like attempting to storm the rock of Gibraltar with a pop-gun. An attempt was made in New York to prevent our going to Washington. Members of Congress were notified to have nothing to do with us, and the press in Washington was so controlled that not a word about what we were saying or doing could be published. We addressed a meeting of the clergy of the city on the subject, and after being defeated three times by committees of Congress, succeeded in getting a report from a Committee on Yellow Fever, which embodied one hundred pages of the evidence we had gathered. Congress printed a thousand copies of that, and we printed, at our own expense, several thousand copies, and with the assistance of our good wife, sent them widely over our country to boards of trade, health officers, foreign ministers and consuls, and then had a hundred thousand copies of it sent over our country in newspaper form, and so helped lay the foundation for action which has been widely taken since by boards of health and others.

If Mr. Lawson's statements are correct he has right on his side, and in time the American people will appreciate what he has been doing.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From a St. Louis Quarterly, "The Hesperian.")

#### WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The largest station for wireless telegraphy is being erected near Pisa, Italy. On its completion, by the end of this year, it is expected to afford direct communication with all countries of Europe, as well as the United States and Canada, and with all vessels on the Mediterranean, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans.

#### THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS.

There comes to our table on this January 11th, from England, a beautiful little volume, just published, bearing on its outside cover a red cross, and giving a true history of this wonderful advance movement for the benefit of all who are wounded on battlefields and elsewhere in war.

We are delighted to learn that the Red Cross movement has been adopted not only by Christian nations, but, to use the words of the book: "Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia are now united in the precious bonds of human sympathy under the waving folds of the Red Cross flag."

Japan, it seems, has the wealthiest Red Cross society in the world, having more than 300,000 paying members, and four magnificent floating hospitals constructed at an expense of nearly a million of dollars; and at Tokio has a superb hospital, with others elsewhere.

The original founder of the Red Cross, Henri Dunant, was influenced to enter upon this noble work by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Florence Nightingale, and Elizabeth Fry, the Quakeress.

His first experience was at the terrible battle of Solferino, where he witnessed the awful sufferings of the wounded soldiers, who lay on the ground for days and nights. He organized an ambulance service in a church; to assuage the terrible sufferings of these unfortunates he devoted his time and money; for Solferino was one of the bloodiest battles of the nineteenth century.

"In Manchuria to-day the soldiers of the Czar and the Mikado are blowing each other into eternity; while behind the battle-lines are the soldiers of another army—not fighting, but striving to save from pain, misery and death the shattered victims of the men with rifles, bayonets and bombs."

This little book was published in England only a few weeks ago. We do not know whether it is for sale either in Europe or America, but we most earnestly wish it could be read by hundreds of millions.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

At the Cross and beneath it only,  
Finds the troubled heart relief;  
There's a balm beneath its shadow  
That can soothe all earthly grief.

Trials come, and tempests shatter  
All our earthly hopes to dust;  
Yet we find relief and refuge  
'Neath the Cross of Him we trust.

Oh, how sweet to know that ever  
We've a Friend that loves us true,  
Who will never, never leave us,  
Never veil the Cross from view.

Blessed Savior, wilt Thou ever  
Keep us humbly at Thy Cross,  
Hiding ever 'neath its shadow,  
Counting all besides but dross.

Blessed Cross, on which our Savior  
Bled and died that we might live;  
Unto all who hide beneath it  
He eternal life will give.

Boston Pilot.

#### THE TEXAS HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Texas Humane Society proposing to increase the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* in Texas, its secretary writes us:

"It is a surpassingly excellent publication, and deserves a circulation as wide as the universe."



## RAGGLES.

By J. E. STEVENS.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came, Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school-house, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck, and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the school-house.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, banded up from head to foot.



The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the reins; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.

## POOR OATS IN A BOSTON STABLE.

The other day we sent out to buy some oats to be fed to the pigeons, and to our surprise found that the pigeons ate only a part of them. On careful examination by an expert, we found out that a considerable part of the so-called oats contained no nourishment. We have instructed our officers to make careful investigation in regard to the matter.

Many years ago, when we were preparing to found the Illinois Humane Society, we found that a great many of the omnibus horses were very poor, and, riding with the drivers, ascertained that, while the company provided good oats, they were exchanged by somebody in the stables for shorts, and so, for the profit of the rascals who exchanged them, the horses were suffering.

Long before this, in travelling in Florida, we found that the horses employed to carry the United States mails, and which were furnished with good oats by the government, were reduced almost to skeletons, their drivers selling the oats and spending the money so acquired for intoxicating drinks. We advise all our readers that they shall see to it that their horses are not cheated in this way.

It is a good plan for every man putting up horses at a stable to be absolutely sure that his horses are properly fed and watered.

Hostlers are sometimes very careless, and great suffering is thus inflicted.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE DEATH-KNELL OF THE BOB-TAILED HORSE.

"To the Editor of

*The Examiner* and the *American*: You have sounded the death-knell of the 'bobtail horse.' Your editorial strictures upon the subject of 'docking' horses are pertinent and timely. Although the initial chapter was mild in its general character, it was portentous and significant of what is in store for the perpetrators of this most detestable and inhuman practice. It is perhaps the most heinous crime tolerated in this day and age—a crime against nature and the laws of the state.

"It is a purely diabolical, heathenish, brutal practice; a disgrace and a shame upon present civilization.

OBSERVER."

[From *The Indiana Progress*.]

At Bedford, little Ruth O'Hara, with her doll in her arms, fell under the feet of a horse, while her mother looked on, expecting to see her crushed to death before a move could be made to rescue her. "But," says the *Pennsylvania Hawk-eye*, which tells the story, "the horse moved back away from the child, being careful not to step upon her as he did so, and then putting his head down, grasped her skirts firmly with his teeth, lifted her clear off the pavement, and set her gently upon the curb, stepping back thereupon and looking at her with evident satisfaction."

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, February, 1905.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

### BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

### TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

### OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month two hundred and sixty-nine new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of sixty thousand two hundred and forty.



### NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

### HUMANE EDUCATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the January meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 18th ult., President Angell reported that through the kind approval of Archbishop Williams we have formed during the past month 220 "Bands of Mercy" in the parochial schools of Boston and vicinity, and will continue forming them in all where they have not been formed.

The Society's prosecuting agents have since last month's report examined 3,405 animals, have taken 104 horses from work and have mercifully killed 141 horses and other animals.

269 new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month, making a total of 60,240.

### OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, Room 9, Taylor Building. Tel. 737.

For South-Eastern Massachusetts—Lemuel B. Burrill, New Bedford, Post Office Box 500. Tel. 724-5.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—Charles A. Currier, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, James R. Hathaway, Charles F. Clark, James Duckering, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips; Emergency Agent, George Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

### "BLACK BEAUTY" AND OTHER HUMANE STORIES.

Our readers will remember that for the purpose of spreading humane education we have printed about two hundred thousand copies of three of our best prize stories: *Black Beauty*, *The Strike at Shane's*, and *Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*, to be sold in quantities of not less than two hundred copies at two and one-half cents per copy, just about one-half the cost of printing them—which gives a grand opportunity for humane societies, Bands of Mercy, schools and Sunday-schools to distribute presents on a large scale, and we are glad to see that thousands of them are already being so distributed.

A merchant in one of our cities has been giving away some thousands of them as an advertisement of his store.

Write Hon. Henry B. Hill or myself, 19 Milk Street, Boston. GEO. T. ANGELL.

### THE MUTILATION OF DEER.

Our agents throughout the state are respectfully requested to make special report of any cases of the injury of deer by dogs which may come to their notice or knowledge.

### THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

We have received a very interesting letter from the Bishop of Quebec, enclosing this prayer:—

"O Lord, God Almighty, who hast revealed Thyself unto us through the ever Blessed

Jesus, the Prince of Peace, and who makest wars to cease in all the world, grant, we beseech Thee, unto all nations, when Thou wilt, the blessings of a righteous and abiding peace; through the merits of the same, Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### OUR BAND OF MERCY ORGANIZERS.

Our Eastern organizer, Mr. Leach, has during the past month been organizing Bands in the parochial schools of Boston and vicinity. Our Western organizer, Mr. Hubbard, has formed 130 Bands in Covington, Kentucky.

### OUR TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE STORY.

The Committee elected by the directors of our American Humane Education Society, to decide which of the stories in regard to the sufferings of horses in war is entitled to the prize of \$200 offered by the society for the best, are Mr. Edward H. Clement of the *Boston Transcript*; Mr. Benj. F. Trueblood of the American Peace Society, and Mr. Edwin Ginn, Boston publisher.

At this writing they have the stories under consideration.

### BOSTON PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

By kind approval of Archbishop Williams, we have formed during the last month two hundred and twenty Bands of Mercy in the parochial schools of Boston and vicinity, and propose to form them in all.

We are profoundly sorry to learn that the Archbishop has been suffering from the condition of his eyes.

### THE WILL OF J. J. PICKERING.

We are glad to see in the *Boston Record* of Jan. 3rd that under the will of the late J. J. Pickering, President of the Concord and Montreal R. R. Co., the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with headquarters at Portsmouth, is likely to receive some time the income of several hundred thousand dollars.

We presume that Mr. Pickering was the husband of Mrs. Pickering, who died some years since, with whom we had many interviews, and at whose request we visited Portsmouth many years ago and delivered an address there to an important audience, spending the night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pickering.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### CANARY ISLANDS.

We are glad to learn of excellent work which has been done in Canary Islands by an English lady, Mrs. Emily Macknight, in circulating copies of our Spanish *Black Beauty* and other publications. Mrs. Macknight thanks us for receiving *Our Dumb Animals* the past two years, and other publications in Spanish and English. It used to be said that the sun never sets on the flag of England,—we hope the time is coming when it will be said that the sun never sets on our Bands of Mercy, whose flag shall float and songs be heard around the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

**United Christian churches have power to prevent all wars between Christian nations.**





Founders of American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,  
Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over sixty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## WHAT CAUSES HYDROPHOBIA.

[From the New York Mail.]

A man in Chicago died of hydrophobia because his little dog was bitten by another dog which was supposed to have rabies. The man was entirely untouched, and the dog was unharmed by the bite. But the man, who loved the dog, so constantly feared that his pet would be overtaken by the disease that he was attacked by it himself and died as the result of "auto-suggestion."

So, at any rate, the doctors say. And the case is by no means without precedent. Once people would have said simply that the man scared himself to death over the dog. It is only another way of putting it.

That, apparently, is the way in which most of the human victims of rabies die. Bitten by an animal which may be perfectly healthy, they produce not only the symptoms, but the effects, of the disease by turning the whole current of their thinking and being into that one terrible channel. Normal existence for them ceases, and an intense perversion of the faculties ends life itself.

Perhaps if men had not minds capable of working them mortal ill in this way they would be without the opposite power of perfect prepossession in good work, of self-forgetfulness in their devotion to a worthy object. That is the good side of this subject of auto-suggestion. Its good effects far outweigh the evil results of the perversion.

## THE DEMOCRATIC DOG.

HE WAS NOT ASHAMED OF A MASTER WHO HAPPENED TO GO TO JAIL.

[From the Rochester Post-Express.]

Albert Rhodes was arrested last night in Clinton Avenue south. Rhodes had an Irish setter dog, but Patrolmen Gibbons and Hazel did not notice the animal. They sent Rhodes to headquarters in the wagon.

After the wagon arrived at headquarters a dog was noticed at the front door. It whined and was admitted, but was afterward ejected by Lieutenant Klubertanz. A few minutes later the dog ran around to the patrol barn, and was admitted. It sniffed the air and bounded into the patrol wagon. Not finding its master it set up a howl, and was ejected. During the night the officers were disturbed by the dismal howls and barks of the setter.

This morning the dog was admitted, and made its way to the cell room, and when Rhodes' cell was opened the dog bounded in, leaped upon the inmate, and showed extravagant joy.



Rhodes, followed by the dog, came into the police court. The dog stood between Rhodes' legs in the court room, and, when Attendant Hart approached, snarled and barked.

## DOG SAVED THE LIVES OF TWO HORSES.

We see that at a small town near Egg Harbor in New Jersey the following occurrence took place recently: A man with a team of horses and a dog stopped at a house to transact some business, leaving his horses unfastened. When he came out, the horses and dog had disappeared. He at once instituted a search and, the neighbors aiding him, went over the roads in every direction, but found no trace of the missing animals. He finally became convinced that they were stolen. During two or three days he was devising what means to take to recover them, when the dog, which had not been seen before, appeared at his house seeming almost frantic from hunger. They gave him food, but as soon as he was satisfied off he went again, barking violently as if seeming to draw attention to his movements. They concluded to follow him. He led them to a forest some distance away, where they found the horses stalled, the wagon having been caught between two trees so that it could not be moved. The horses had gnawed the bark of the trees and eaten everything of a vegetable nature within reach. They appeared almost exhausted from hunger; but it was not too late to save them. The faithful dog had accompanied them when they strayed away, and had waited to watch over them, hoping that relief would come, until he became so hungry that he returned home, inducing them, by his barking, to follow him, when he started forth again to resume his charge.

Journal of Zoophily.

## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

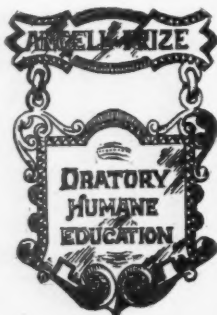
## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

## PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

*Black Beauty*, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

*Hollyhust, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire*, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

*Some of New York's "400,"* in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

*For Pity's Sake*, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

*Beautiful Joe* at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rownsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever!' What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by the Heavenly Father!"

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

## SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &amp;c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminister Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

## FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

## WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.



## RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE A KITTEN.

PITTSBURG, PA.—The "meow" of a kitten which had wandered away from the parental roof and reached a point from which it could not descend developed a hero the other evening. Like many others in whose veins heroic blood flows, the man refused to tell anything about himself.

It was about 5 o'clock. Half a dozen persons were passing the corner of Mulford and Brushton Avenues, when there came a "m-e-o-w." It was not the sound which generally awakens the sleeper at dead of night and invites a bootjack or a brick, but a wail of distress. Again it came—"m-e-o-w"—still more plaintive and a little louder than the first.

It came from somewhere in the air, and those who heard it stopped and looked about. Half a dozen men were returning from a football game dressed in the armor of the gridiron, and behind them came a robust, swarthy fellow with a dinner basket on his arm and a pay-day look on his face.

The attention of all was attracted by the second cry, and as they gazed upward one of the football players remarked: "Why, it's that kitten. She's been up there since early this morning." Then he pointed toward the cornice which tops the belfry of the Brushton public school.

He of the muscular form and contented look gazed aloft, and there outlined against the gray stones of the cornice was a black speck.

"Is it a cat?" he asked in a tongue which showed his Celtic origin.

"Sure," was the reply. "She's been up there all day."

"Well, it's evident she can't get down, and if she stays there she will die from hunger or freeze," was the response of the workman. He walked to the front door and rattled it until the building echoed, but only the vibrations of the door answered his efforts. Then he stepped back in the yard and again gazed upward. The little group outside had stopped, and one advanced into the yard.

"Hold me bucket," remarked the man to the one who stood beside him. Walking to the side of the building, the fellow pulled himself to the edge of the lower window. He felt around for a moment and started upward. To his trained hands and feet each jutting piece and crevice in the rough stone afforded him hand and foot hold, and in a few seconds he was scaling the front of the building as if it was a ladder. The little group outside increased, and as he went higher they held their breath, expecting every moment to see the climber lose his hold and fall. Five minutes passed and he reached the cornice of the roof.

A steep slate roof still separated him from the belfry, on the roof of which the cat was lying. Carefully he made his way over this and reached the coping at the bottom of the belfry. Then he reached upward. Although he had grown about nine feet in the estimation of the crowd which watched him he was not tall enough to reach the cornice of the belfry, and, going to the post which was nearest to the point at which the cat was lying, he scrambled up it.

Then he put his hand out and grasped the feline. There was another "meow," this time soft and purring. Then the kitten was placed in the pocket of its rescuer and the descent was begun. It was made in safety, and when the young man reached the ground he took the quadruped out and, brushing its fur, remarked, "Now run home."—From *The National Humane Educator*.

## A CAT ARISTOCRAT VALUED AT \$5,000.

Fulmer Zaida, a beautiful female chinchilla cat, which its owner, Lady Decies, values at £1,000, won the championship at the National Cat Club's show in Crystal Palace, London. The aristocracy of cat-hood was fully represented by 550 cats entered at the show.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein showed three cats, and Prince Christian two. The Countess of Aberdeen exhibited five; Lady Decies nine; Mrs. Herring twelve, and Sir Claude and Lady Alexander no fewer than twenty-six cats.

Cats which their owners prized at anything from £25 to £100 were common, but

## "I AM THE FAMILY CAT."

TO "PETIE," FROM A CAT-LOVING FRIEND.

I can fold up my claws  
In my soft velvet paws.  
And purr in the sun  
Till the short day is done;  
For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour  
In the vine-covered bower,  
Winking and blinking  
Through sunshine and shower;  
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter's night,  
When the ground is all white,  
And the icicles shine  
In a long silver line,  
I stay not to shiver  
In the moonbeams' pale quiver;  
But curl up in the house  
As snug as a mouse,  
And play Jack Horner  
In the cosiest corner,  
Breaking nobodies laws,  
With my chin on my paws;  
Asleep with one eye and  
Awake with the other;  
For I am the family cat.

From "The Cat Journal."



Fulmer Zaida was far above all her rivals. She is 9 years old, and has won altogether about ten championships.

The show bore evidence that the long-haired cat is as popular as ever and that the sleek, dun-colored and blue-eyed Siamese cat is becoming a great favorite.

North American.

## WOODEN PAVEMENTS.

We find in our morning paper of Jan. 16th a report from our American consul at Hull, England, that they now have in that city thirteen miles of wood pavement, which has proved a great success and which might be a good substitute for the asphalt pavements now so largely used, on which so many horses fall and are injured.

We had some wooden pavement in Boston many years ago, but very different from that used in Hull, and which is fully described in the *Boston Herald* of Jan. 16th. The way in which the wooden pavements came into use in Boston we had something to do with. When we started the Mass. Society P. C. A. there was not in Boston proper, as we were informed, a single public drinking trough for animals. Thousands of temperance men had attempted to have public drinking fountains for men established, by the city government, and utterly failed. We succeeded in making arrangements with a prominent City Hall politician, who was interested in wood pavement, that if he would help us to get twenty drinking fountains for horses in Boston, we would help him about his wooden pavement.

Through that understanding we secured the twenty drinking fountains for horses, and then had twenty iron cups for men hitched on to them. The liquor interest, which had opposed fountains for men, did not object to fountains for horses.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mercy to Every Living Creature.

## A RESPONSIVE READING OF SCRIPTURE FOR BANDS OF MERCY.

President—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Society—The Lord is good to all and His tender mercies are over all His works.

President—He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills.

Society—They give drink to every beast of the field.

President—He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.

Society—He giveth to the beast his food.

President—Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

Society—A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.

President—The merciful man doeth good to his own soul.

Society—What does the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.

## FOR THE POOR EVERYWHERE.

We are glad to find in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Dec. 29th, that the Episcopal City Mission has established at 1068 Washington Street, in charge of Mr. W. H. Grimm, a three-cent lunch where any poor person can obtain substantial lunches, well-cooked and properly served, for three cents; open every day from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening. We suggest to all the readers of our paper all over the United States, and to all the about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines to which our paper goes every month, to call public attention to this charity and to urge all interested to write Mr. Grimm for full particulars, enclosing return postage stamps.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## Where is your cat?

"Parents cannot do a wiser thing than to place Our Dumb Animals in the hands of their children."  
Albany Evening Post.

## "THE MEXICAN HERALD."

We have had some interesting correspondence with the editor of the *Mexican Herald* of the city of Mexico, in regard to societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which we are glad to say are now being formed there. We find to-day, from its columns, a very severe attack on President Roosevelt's idea of the Monroe Doctrine. The *Herald* thinks that some of the great nations, like Mexico and various others in South America, are competent to manage their own affairs without our interference. We fully agree with him. We believe that these nations have the same rights over their own territory which we have over ours. If they choose to encourage German colonies or English colonies, or any other colonies, we have no more business to interfere than they would have to interfere with our purchase of Alaska from Russia.

Some distinguished general, we forget who, prophesies that the greatest wars of the future may come from our Panama Canal, and our attempt to enforce what seems to us to be that unjust, unjustifiable and ridiculous Monroe Doctrine—an attempt to carry out the plans of some of our politicians in that matter might set the whole civilized world against us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Will some one kindly tell us *just exactly and precisely* what the Monroe Doctrine is?

As we understand it, Great Britain owns about half of North America, and Mexico has another immense slice.

The smaller nations south of Mexico own more or less.

Then comes South America owned by various nations of greater or less importance. Under these circumstances we would like to know *exactly and precisely* what claim we have to control the Isthmus of Panama more than other nations.

We can readily understand that with two enormous seacoasts, separated by a continent, and requiring for protection in case of war two enormous navies or vast expense in fortifications—[and in case of trouble with Great Britain, a third coast on the great lakes and St. Lawrence river]—we can readily understand, under these circumstances, how unfortunate would be our position in a war with some European nations, and how very pleasant it would be if we could hold against the civilized world the control of the Isthmus of Panama; and also have, as we have urged in this paper at various times, ship canals connecting the navigable waters of New York with the Mississippi and connecting the Gulf of Mexico across Florida with the St. Johns river.

But in view of the two very important questions: 1st, *Whether we have any more right to hold the exclusive control of the Isthmus of Panama than other nations*, and 2nd, *Whether we have the power to do it*, would it not be much better in the interest of "Peace on Earth" to have the isthmus or the canal across it declared by international treaties, as were Nantucket and Provincetown during our war of 1812 with Great Britain [and as we have recommended in these columns that the Sandwich Islands should be declared]—neutral territory, open on

equal terms both in peace and war to the vessels of all nations? GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

What is the cause of the fighting propensity which seems to pervade so widely the American people to-day?

We answer: First—The want of proper humane education in all our schools—just such education as we, through our *Bands of Mercy*, are trying to send out all over this country and elsewhere.

Parents putting into the hands of their children swords, guns, drums and whips.

Military organizations widely established in schools and Sunday-schools.

Fourth of July orators discoursing much about war and little about peace.

In our school reading-books much in praise of war and few songs of mercy.

We have no doubt that some of the ill feeling in this country against England comes from the anglomania displayed so ostentatiously by some Americans who try to imitate the manners and customs of the worst class of British aristocracy—gambling, drinking, barbarous sports—life mutilation of horses—tally-ho coaches and liveries, and general flunkysm, all of which tomfoolery is as much despised by the great body of the English people as by us.

But the English government [says some one] is always trying to acquire territory from weaker nations.

Well—where did we get our titles to nine-tenths of the land we hold on this continent?

How did the Spanish nations in Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America get their titles?

But European nations are now dividing up Africa.

Well, suppose they are. Which is the better civilization—African or European? And among European civilizations, which is the better, the civilization of the Spaniards or of England?

Are those men friends or enemies of their country who want us to join hands with all these quarrelsome Central and South American Spanish [so-called] republics?

Would it not be infinitely better to endeavor to form in all nations a million *Bands of Mercy*, and bind them together in one great Christian brotherhood?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## PURE DRUGS.

We find in the *New Bedford Standard* the following:

"The Illinois Board of Pharmacy have undertaken to test the druggists of Chicago by sending out decoy prescriptions. \* \* \* Out of 130 prescriptions that were filled, 23 contained no trace of the drug called for, while but 39 were pure,"—which would seem to indicate that it is necessary not only to have a skilful druggist, but also that he be an honest man.

This brings to mind how, when some years ago we were carrying prescriptions for bronchial asthma (which we had contracted from our sixty-one days' addresses to the Boston Public Schools) to our well-known Boston druggist, Mr. Metcalf, he said to us one day, "Mr. Angell, I think that the less you take of this stuff the better off you will be." That was honesty.

Again, in Jacksonville, Florida, when we enquired of a druggist near the St. James hotel, who would be the best physician in Jacksonville to consult in regard to bronchial asthma, he promptly answered, giving the name of a certain doctor who, in his judgment, would be the best man in Jacksonville to consult, and at the same time added: "This doctor never sent me a prescription in his life—he sends them all to another druggist." That was honesty.

It has been quite common from the terrible rascalities which have been exposed in regard to poisonous foods, drinks, and drugs, and in "frenzied finance" for many people to think that honest people are very scarce. This is a great mistake. There are multitudes of honest men and women in our country, and there is nothing that can more greatly help the bringing of good fortune to any young man than a firm belief in his honesty. Honest men are always in demand. We must have honest men to serve as executors, trustees, guardians of our children, and in a hundred different positions of life. In fact, even our greatest scamps want honest men whom they can trust to deal honestly with them. There is no better recommendation for any young boy or man, young or old, than that he will be, under all circumstances, honest.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE ANGELS' SONG OF PEACE.

("Peace on Earth, Good Will.")

[Written for the Peace Congress held in Boston. A good song for our Bands of Mercy.]

BY MARTIN KELLOGG SCHERMERHORN.

Forward, all ye faithful.

Seeking Love and Peace;

Hastening on the era

When all strife shall cease;

All the saintly sages

Lead us in the way;

Forward, in their footsteps,

Toward that perfect day!

All the saintly sages, etc.

Raise the song of triumph—

"Peace on Earth, Good Will;"

Angels sang this anthem:

Let us sing it still:

Hell's foundations quiver

At this Song of Peace.

Brothers, let us sing it

Till all strife shall cease!

All the saintly sages, etc.

Children of One Father

Are the nations all;

"Children mine, beloved"—

Each one doth He call—

"Be ye not divided.

All one Family

Be, in mind and spirit

And in Charity!"

All the saintly sages, etc.

Wealth and power shall perish,

Nations rise and wane;

Love of others only

Steadfast will remain;

Hate and greed can never

'Gainst this Love prevail;

It shall stand triumphant

When all else shall fail!

All the saintly sages, etc.

Forward, then, ye faithful,

Seeking Love and Peace;

Hastening on the era

When all strife shall cease!

Join us, all ye people,

Join our hopeful throng;

Blend with ours your voices

In the Angels' Song:

All the saintly sages

Lead us in the way;

Forward in their footsteps

Toward that perfect day! Amen.



## THE SIXTH SENSE IN BIRDS.

[From the *New Century Path.*]

In the animal kingdom the birds seem to be really the class most highly favored by nature. Though they are not placed near the summit of the line of evolution, their ability to fly marks them off as having some advantages over nearly all the mammalia. Their mysterious power of changing their polarity or weight, in order to dive in water or soar in air, has been discussed several times in "Nature Studies" (See vol. vii., Nos. 19 and 26); and the almost incredible velocity of their motion when migrating, sometimes amounting to four miles a minute for vast distances, has no parallel among other animals.

And now a series of careful trials with carrier pigeons are reported from France, showing, apparently without doubt, their possession of a highly developed sense of direction. It was supposed that homing pigeons depended upon sight to find their way, but these new experiments have been conducted between Ceremes and Roanne in the darkness of night. In twenty minutes the first bird, despatched at 10 p. m., reached its roost, a distance of seventeen miles being traversed. Half of the number arrived before midnight and the remainder followed in a few hours.

The French War Department is reported to attach great importance to the possibilities of using homing pigeons at night, hitherto thought to be impossible. Flying under cover of the darkness they would escape many dangers.

There are many stories of cats and dogs finding their way home across miles of unknown country, and in Australia there is a fish that scrambles over the land to the nearest water when the pool or stream it is in dries up or food becomes scarce. But these are only occasional instances of a faculty so highly developed in homing pigeons, and, perhaps, in migratory birds. Some human beings claim to have a sense of orientation; but compared with the acute senses of wild animals ours are blunt indeed, and they can hardly be expected to improve under present unnatural conditions of city life.

STUDENT.

## THE THOUGHTS OF BIRDS.

"Much has been written of the mind that centres in the brain of a bee or an ant," says Dr. Charles C. Abbott, in *Lippincott's*. "The wren, too, has but a trifling brain when we consider its bulk, but from it flows many a suggestive train of thought. The career of the birds nesting in the roof of my porch was much the same year after year, and I will particularize only that of the season just drawn to a close. The first brood came from the nest a few days too soon, and great was the commotion that followed. The young birds were too weak upon the wing to avoid danger. I boldly declare I believe I was appealed to. The parent birds perched on the sill of my study window and sang as they had not done before. The marked difference from their ordinary singing attracted my attention. When I went out of the door their excitement visibly increased. I thought they would actually alight upon me. I saw the trouble and proceeded to remedy it. I caught four of the young birds, all that I could find, and immediately the old birds were more at ease. Placing a ladder against the porch, I carried the nestlings back. Every movement of mine was closely watched. I was followed every step I took, and when I replaced the young birds the parents were within a foot of my hand. Then, such singing! It seemed unmistakable that I was accepted as a veritable friend in need, and so a friend indeed. After this incident the wrens were even more tame.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

## Horses are not deaf.

(From "The Listener" in *Boston Transcript.*)

A little Brookline girl each year prepares a tree for the birds by utilizing a handsome spruce tree that stands adjacent to her home. The boughs of the tree are hung with pieces of toothsome suet, bread, marrow bones and little boxes containing varieties of seeds, with here and there a shining red apple to give piquancy to the offering. The tree is liberally patronized by the appreciative birds, and is an object of much interest to neighbors and passers-by. The example is one that might well be emulated by all bird lovers.

## In winter feed the birds.

"A few weeks passed, and I was again called upon to render these wrens assistance. The entrance to the nest had become too large for their needs, and a pair of English sparrows had discovered the fact. The rotten wood had so far crumbled away that the latter birds could pass in and out. This they attempted, and a battle royal was begun. The singing of the wrens was noticeably loud, incessant and suggestive of some unusual happening. I was attracted by it and saw the cause of all the trouble at once. Again I seemed to be appealed to. The wrens distinctly flew to me, singing while on the wing, and then darting viciously after the intruding sparrows. I took a strip of thin wood, bored an inch auger hole in it, and prepared to place it before the old opening to the nest. Setting the ladder again in position, I was now closely followed by the wrens. They clearly comprehended what I was about to do. They did not leave me for an instant. I tacked the bit of wood in front of the nest and added a perching stick. The wrens stood upon the porch roof near by and fairly danced with glee, and before I was again upon the ground and the ladder removed they were passing into and out of the nest without a moment's hesitation. I never heard such exultant singing. It was piercingly shrill."

## THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

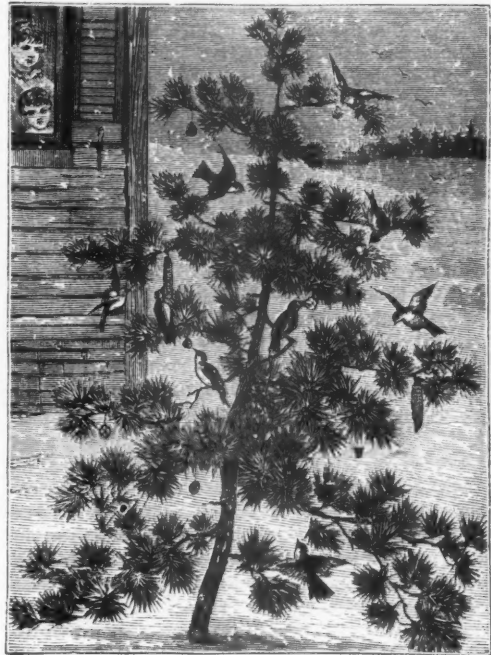
BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

I hear a wail from the woodland,  
A cry from the forests dim;  
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,  
From the willows and reeds that rim  
The sedgy pools; from the meadow grass  
I hear the fitful cry, alas!

It drowns the throb of music,  
The laughter of childhood sweet,  
It seems to rise to the very skies,  
As I walk the crowded street;  
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,  
I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,  
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings  
His song of grace in the archer's face,  
'Tis the flutter of broken wings,  
'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry  
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O! lovely, unthinking maiden,  
The wing that adorns your hat  
Has the radiance rare that God placed there,  
But I see in place of that  
A mockery pitiful, deep and sad,  
Of all things happy, and gay and glad.



FEED THE BIRDS.

O! mother, you clasp your darling  
Close to your loving breast;  
Think of that other, that tender mother,  
Brooding upon her nest!  
In the little chirp from the field and wood,  
Does no sound touch your motherhood?

That little dead bird on your bonnet,  
Is it worth the cruel wrong?  
That beauty you wear so proudly there  
Is the price of a silenced song;  
The humming-bird on your velvet dress  
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,  
A voice from the forests dim;  
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,  
From the willows and reeds that rim  
The sedgy pool; from the meadow grass  
I hear the pitiful sound, alas!

Can you not hear it, sister,  
Above the heartless behest  
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,  
Despoiling the songful nest?  
Above that voice have you never heard  
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird?

## A LITTLE HERO.

In the *Woman's Home Companion*, Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army relates the following pathetic incident, which happened at one of their Christmas dinners:

"The pathos of such gatherings can easily be imagined. At the Grand Central Palace, New York city, last Christmas day, a bright-faced little lad attracted our attention. He had come to receive a basket for his family. He seemed a manly little fellow and waited without a murmur, holding fast to his precious ticket. There were five other children in the family, he said, all younger than he, and he was twelve. Father had had his foot injured six weeks before by molten lead being spilled on it. Work was none too plentiful anyway, but now he was unable to do it if it was to be had. Mother? No, mother couldn't work, either. She'd been laid up for some time with rheumatism.

"Dear me, that is bad," sympathized somebody. "Who, then, looks after the family?"

"I takes care of the family, ma'am," he answered brightly. "I does the housework, washes the children and looks after things."

"You're a brick!" declared the one addressed. "But," as a sudden thought struck her, "who will cook the dinner for you to-day?"

"And he answered with a smile, but seriously, 'I will, ma'am.'"

"God bless him and the others like him."

## KATIE'S ANSWER.

MISS C. H. THAYER, in *Judge*.

Och! me Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,  
 But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,  
 An' her dimples so swate,  
 An' her ankies so pate,  
 Shure she dazed an' she bothered me, too,  
 Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,  
 Whin, demure as a bride, by me side  
 Like a darlint she sat,  
 With the wickedest hat  
 'Neath a purty girl's chin iver tied.  
 An' me heart, arrah, thin, how it bate!  
 Fur me Kate looked so temptin' an' swate!  
 With cheeks like the roses  
 An' all the red posies  
 Ye 'ud see in her gardin' so nate.  
 But I sat jist as mute as the dead,  
 Till she said, wid a toss of her head,  
 "If I'd known that to-day  
 Ye'd have nothing to say,  
 I'd have gone wid me coosin instead."  
 Thin I fitt meself grow very bowld,  
 For I knew she'd not scold if I towld  
 Uv the love at me heart,  
 That ud niver depart  
 Though I lived to be wrinkled and owld.  
 An' I said: "If I dared to do so,  
 I'd let go of the baste an' I'd throw  
 Both me arms round yer waist,  
 An' be stalin' a taste  
 Uv thim lips that are coaxin' me so."  
 Thin she blushed a more illigant red,  
 As she said, widout raisin' her head,  
 An' her eyes lookin' down  
 'Neath their lashes so brown,  
 "'Ud ye like me to dhrive, Mishter Ted?"

## HE PITIED THE JEW.

Reading in the *Boston Herald* of Dec. 19th the reply of a Boston Jewish rabbi to the attack of a Protestant clergyman calls to our mind a rather amusing incident which occurred when we were in the practice of law. An old Baptist deacon in Ludlow, Vermont, had heard his pastor preach so often and so powerfully against the Jews that when he died and his will was opened it was found that he had given a legacy of five hundred dollars to the poor Jews. The executor of the will wrote to me to find the poor Jews. I employed a man to make diligent search, and finally was obliged to report to him that we could not find a poor Jew in Boston; the money was sent, I understood, to some society in New York.

Another rather amusing incident comes to mind, of how a clergyman, being installed in one of our country churches, was advised by one of the deacons that he had better not pitch into certain things which might injure his influence in the church. He finally asked the deacon what he should pitch into, and the deacon, on reflection, said that he could safely pitch into the Jews, for there wasn't a Jew in town.

And this calls up another anecdote to my mind, of how the last time, I think, that I met Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, was on an East Boston ferryboat. I remarked to him that a certain clergyman seemed to be pitching into him pretty severely because he had contributed something to aid the Catholics to buy an organ for their little church in Northfield. Mr. Moody's reply was: "Oh, he's crazy—he's crazy! When we have converted all the Protestants we will convert the Catholics, but it will take three or four days more to convert the Protestants."

In regard to the Jews, I remember it was ascertained from statistics taken widely over

Europe some twenty-five or thirty years ago, that Jews lived, on the average, something like five years longer than Christians; and that only one Jew had been hung in England during forty years, and then only for forgery. It was some forty-five years ago that we could not find a poor Jew in Boston.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP LAWRENCE.

A remarkable sermon was preached on New Year's Sunday morning, in our Boston Trinity Church, by the Right Reverend Bishop William Lawrence. We should be glad to print the whole of it if we had space, but can give only the following quotation:—

"I have only one thought to press home this New Year's morning, my friends, and if I speak plainly it is that I may be brief and at the same time say what I mean. Thorough obedience of the law to liberty is the only safety of the nation and of the individual.

Starting from this principle, where do we stand on this first day of January in the early part of the 20th century of Christian history?

During the past few years we of the North have been startled and horrified at the lawlessness of the South in the form of lynching and other crimes, and we have felt a sense of superior contentment that we are not such as they. Statements of responsible writers as to lawlessness throughout the whole country have disturbed our tranquility, however. We are told, and there is good reason to believe the statement, that in the Boer war the loss in action was 20,000 men; that in the United States in three years have been killed in murders and homicides 31,000 men and women; that there are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  times as many murders and homicides now as there were 22 years ago; that the scourge is not local; that it is not an imported crime; that immigrants acquire their disrespect for laws after their arrival, and that native-born Americans have a share in the horrors.

We citizens of Boston have read of criminals in high places in a few of our great cities, and have been grateful that we had not reached that point of degradation. A criminal now in a Boston jail, condemned by a United States court, awaits his release to take his seat by the election of Boston's citizens as one of the administrators of this city on a board entitled by tradition "honorable."

It is a matter of common belief that great corporations have a silent fund for oiling the machinery of legislation in their favor, and that their officers of high standing in our communities are not unwilling to be ignorant as to how the money is spent.

It is noted as a remarkable fact that in the long strike at Fall River, where tens of thousands have been out of employment half a year, where there is privation, debt and suffering, there has been no lawlessness. All honor is due to these people, men, women and children, for their high sense of citizenship, their patience and sacrifice. But we wish it were not so exceptional as to cause remark."

The bishop does not undertake to give the cause of the enormous increase of crime in our country, which seems very clear to us. We are educating the intellect in all our colleges and schools, but are doing almost nothing for the education of the heart; and so have not only a constant growth of lesser crimes, but a great and growing danger of wars, revolutions and anarchy, which may involve the destruction of our Republic.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From the *Milwaukee Journal*.)

The other day, in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, an old gentleman, member of the Presbyterian Church, after a few days' illness, died. His next door neighbor on one side was a Hebrew; on the other side, a member of the Methodist Church, and the neighbor a second door away a Catholic.

During his illness the neighbors took turn about caring for the old man, whose wife was an invalid. There was no help in the household save that rendered alternately by the Jew, Catholic and Methodist. They took splendid care of the aged Presbyterian and his wife.

While the old man was dying there was no minister present, and the wife asked if some one could not offer a prayer. The Catholic repeated reverently the Lord's Prayer, and the others as reverently joined. Together the Jew, the Methodist, the Catholic, prepared for the funeral. A Presbyterian minister read the services. There was but one relative, a daughter living in Chicago, and the funeral consisted of the daughter and the families of the Catholic, the Jew and the Methodist.

## HOW ROB WAS SAVED FROM DROWNING.

[From *Newburg Register*.]

Robert Simpson, a son of Thomas J. Simpson, owes his life to the intelligence of his pet dog Jack. Saturday morning Rob, tempted by the glassy newly-formed ice, put on his skates and started out for a morning's sport on the inviting and treacherous surface. All went well until Rob had fun enough, and was skating in toward the shore to take off his skates. When about a quarter of a mile from the beach and directly opposite his father's house he broke through the ice, and was in danger of drowning.

Now, when the skater started out in the morning, his dog "Jack" wanted to go along, and it was with difficulty that he could be kept at home. After the boy had gone "Jack" trotted up and down the beach and watched his master skim about the smooth surface. When Robert crashed through the ice the dog was directly opposite him on the shore, and the instant the ice gave way "Jack" gave an excited bark and dashed across the ice to the place where the young man was struggling, and arriving there he caught the skater by the collar and dragged him out, never stopping until he was on firm ice. The young man was almost insensible from cold, but practically unharmed. He hurried to his home, followed by the dog, who barked and frisked around him joyfully, as if he appreciated the importance of his act.

"Jack" is a shepherd dog, with long black hair which fairly glistens. His handsome head and bright eyes bespeak much intelligence. Though a powerful swimmer he never enters the water of his own accord except to make a rescue. This is not the first time he has figured as a life-saver. Two years ago last summer he rescued Elmer Simpson's five-year-old boy, Guastic, who tumbled into the little pond on Montgomery Street.

## KNEW HIS MASTER'S HORSE.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 21.—A large St. Bernard dog belonging to Reinhart Deutschen, proprietor of the Doctor's Hotel at Bank and River Streets, accompanied Deutschen's son to the market yesterday morning. While going down Main Street the dog ran in front of a horse driven by Marfi Conni, an Italian pedler, and barked and jumped about in such a joyous manner that young Deutschen, who had passed, returned to investigate the dog's actions.

He found that the horse attached to the pedler's cart was one stolen from his father's barn on the night of July 3 last. A set of harness was also taken at the time. The boy told the dog to watch the horse and ran to his father's hotel, several blocks away. When he returned with his father the dog was still guarding the horse, and growled ominously at the Italian whenever he attempted to drive away.

The pedler, who said he had bought the horse, was brought before Recorder Noonberg and formally charged with receiving stolen goods. He was unable to furnish \$500 bail, and was committed to jail. The horse and harness were turned over to the hotel proprietor. Deutschen says that he would not sell the dog for any money.

A sky-scraper is an over-trimmed hat.



## KILLED A THOUSAND STAGS.

The Emperor of Germany has killed his thousandth stag. His courtiers and game-keepers have kept count of each one shot down by the emperor, and just recently, in one of his parks near Berlin he shot the helpless animal that made the thousandth stag.

The emperor has numerous parks. In these parks small birds, big deer, wild boars and other animals are bred and cared for, even petted. They really become domesticated, are not like the wild animals of the forest, but being dependent upon their keepers, become very docile. The fawns play about under the trees, the fowls enjoy themselves roaming about in the grass. Happy, innocent, harmless creatures.

But his Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, is out for a holiday, looking for something to amuse him. He enters one of these parks, seats himself comfortably on a camp-stool, surrounded by his attendants, leisurely waits until the keepers of the animals drive the tame, harmless deer, one by one, within easy range of his rifle. Then as the beautiful deer, with big, pathetic eyes, goes trustingly toward him the emperor raises his rifle and shoots the unsuspecting animal. More deer are driven by, the birds are brought within close range, and the emperor amuses himself by sending bullets through their living, sentient bodies. Helpless creatures! No chance to defend themselves or to escape.

His Royal Highness calls this fun. He likes to have the innocent creatures driven up before him that he may take their life. What would we think of a butcher who followed his trade for the fun of slaughtering the animals?

The whole thing is pathetic. We don't know whether we feel more sorry for the animals or for the man who can sit there comfortably on a camp-stool and kill the poor beasts. If a man went into his barnyard and wrung the necks of his chickens just for the pleasure it gave him, we would call that fiendish. But the emperor goes into his park and shoots down his animals and birds, and calls it sport. Bah! We call it savagery.

As the emperor shot down the helpless stag that made the thousandth, there was a shout of acclamation from his royal attendants and the emperor was flushed with pride. It was such a brave thing to do, so noble, so heroic, so glorious — the killing of a thousand innocent, helpless creatures — that a monument is to mark the spot where the thousandth one fell. A huge block of stone, five thousand pounds in weight, is to cover the blood-stained spot, and the monument is to bear this inscription: "Our most gracious Margrave and Lord, the Emperor William II, laid low at this spot his thousandth stag, a noble creature."

From the National Humane Educator.

## NOT ASHAMED TO BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

Abraham Lincoln would as soon have cut off his right arm as have spent a summer in the Adirondacks shooting deer for fun. Grant was noted for his kindness to dumb animals. So was Garfield. Sherman was Vice-President of the Missouri Society for

the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Custer changed his line of march to pass around the nest of a mother bird and her young. No Southern General, to our knowledge, ever rode a mutilated horse. Wellington, the greatest of English commanders, gave special orders for the protection of a toad in the garden where it had established its home. The Queen of England was the head of our work in that country.

## CONSCRIPTION.

CALLING OUT THE RESERVES.

[From Boston Evening Transcript of Jan. 7th.]

All were at their useful labors,  
Peaceful and content;  
No man wished to kill his brother;  
Then the list was sent.  
Men from every trade and calling,  
All must answer it.  
"Food for powder, food for powder;"  
Fit to "fill a pit."

Prod them from the plough and furrow;  
Lug them from the loom;  
Drag them from their wives and children;  
Drive them to their doom.  
Let them dare to make resistance,  
Volleys answer it.  
Food for powder, food for powder;  
Fit to "fill a pit."

Left upon the field of battle,  
Shattered by the shell,  
Mangled by the lance and bayonet,  
Lingering in Hell;  
Burning for a drop of water,  
Blood to answer it.  
Food for powder, food for powder;  
Fit to "fill a pit."

Cold and quiet now they're sleeping,  
White beneath the moon;  
Up the east the dawn is creeping.  
They shall waken soon.  
Let the cannon call them louder,  
Silence answers it.  
Food for powder, food for powder;  
Fit to "fill a pit."

On the last great day of judgment,  
When the trumpets sound,  
Calling all the foully murdered  
Deep from underground,  
These shall rise in accusation,  
Kings shall answer it,  
Howling in the outer darkness,  
Downwards to the Pit.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

## TERRIBLE CRUELTY.

We find in the Boston Evening Transcript of Jan. 24th an account of terrible cruelty inflicted by a family of children at Cookeville, Tennessee, on young quails, rabbits, and squirrels. It is a terrible pity that these children had not been humanely educated in one of our Bands of Mercy. It may make the difference, one of these days, between having a family of humane citizens and a family of murderers.

## RED ACRE FARM.

Miss Bird's Red Acre Farm (the first of its kind in America, and whose starting we had the pleasure of encouraging and aiding) needs more money to extend its work another year. For full information write its founder, Miss Harriet G. Bird, Red Acre Farm, Stow, Massachusetts.

We need a hundred such farms in Massachusetts, and hope that Miss Bird's example may be followed by many other farm owners.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



A SLEIGH-RIDE IN LAPLAND.

## DEACON FOSTER.

A letter received at our office this morning concludes thus:—"If this letter is not received please inform me."

How, if the letter were not received, it would have been possible to inform the writer is a question.

A great many Boston people used to know an old colored man called Deacon Foster, who once a year got up an entertainment for his own benefit, in Boston Music Hall, which was always so entertaining that he generally succeeded in selling one or two thousand tickets at fifty cents each.

One of the features of the entertainment was always a speech from the Deacon.

On one of these occasions he told how he had been cheated on the weight of coal, and in the midst of his oration was interrupted by a loud call, "Who was it, Deacon?" The Deacon, somewhat thrown off his balance, replied, "I won't tell you, I won't tell you. I promised Mr. ——" (naming a well known Boston coal dealer), "I promised Mr. ——" that I would not say anything about it."

The applause was simply tremendous.

## DOG CAME HOME 250 MILES.

[From the Boston Herald, Dec. 8th.]

There was revealed a remarkable example of canine instinct and memory in Plainfield, N. J., through the return of a dog to the home of Mrs. A. M. McKee, in Westervelt Avenue, after an absence of three years. Mrs. McKee went to Glens Falls, N. Y., in 1901, and left the dog there. A few days ago, in Plainfield, a dog trotted up to her and grew frantic after gazing at her an instant. It was thin and hungry looking, but recognizable as the animal she had left behind three years before.

From Glens Falls she learned that the dog had run away several weeks ago and had been seen to cross the Poughkeepsie bridge. It had to cross the Hudson again to get to Plainfield, besides travelling nearly two hundred and fifty miles. How it got over the stream is a mystery.

Mrs. McKee also found that the animal went first to the house where she formerly lived, and that the present occupants had driven it away.

## "THE JAMAICA PLAIN NEWS."

The Jamaica Plain News says:

"The society with the long name has done splendid work in the past, is doing it now, and every man, woman and child should constitute himself or herself an active member thereof, and protect our noble equine friends from cruel treatment and careless drivers. Blanket your horses, gentlemen, and keep them sharp, in icy weather."

War is the concentration of all human crimes.

William E. Channing.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### New Bands of Mercy.

60017 <i>Charlestown, Mass.</i> Francis de Sales Parochial School Bands. Div. 1. P., Sister I. K.	60060 Div. 14. P., Sister N.	60103 <i>Chester, Pa.</i> Jr. League Band. P., Miss E. C. Pinkett.	60148 No. 19. P., May C. Kennedy.	60195 No. 5. P., Nina Norvell.
60018 Div. 2. P., Sister A.	60061 Div. 15. P., Sister N.	60104 <i>Covington, Ky.</i> High School Bands. No. 1. P., Chas. M. Merry.	60149 No. 20. P., Anna Campbell.	60196 No. 6. P., Sophia Unkraut.
60019 Div. 3. P., Sister M. T.	60062 <i>Roxbury, Mass.</i> Cheverus School Bands. Div. 1. P., Sister A. Angella.	60105 No. 2. P., Homer O. Sluss.	60150 3d Dist. Sch. Bands. No. 1. P., G. C. Sherwood.	60197 No. 7. P., Alice Kennedy.
60020 Div. 4. P., Sister C.	60063 Div. 2. P., Sister C. Monica.	60106 No. 3. P., H. S. Cox.	60151 No. 2. P., Eliza Reese.	60198 No. 8. P., Emma Brogan.
60021 Div. 5. P., Sister F. S.	60064 Div. 3. P., Sister M. Irene.	60107 No. 4. P., H. S. Gilmore.	60152 No. 3. P., Fannie French.	60199 No. 9. P., Charlotte Fagin.
60022 Div. 6. P., Sister M. L.	60065 Div. 4. P., Sister J. Angela.	60108 No. 5. P., John L. Hill.	60153 No. 4. P., Ada Crossweller.	60200 No. 10. P., Bessie Nock.
60023 Div. 7. P., Sister M. M.	60066 Div. 5. P., Sister M. Thaddeus.	60109 No. 6. P., J. E. Booth.	60154 No. 5. P., Lizzie Snowden.	60201 No. 11. P., Nannie Sheever.
60024 Div. 8. P., Sister M. L.	60067 Div. 6. P., Sister A. Louise.	60110 No. 7. P., Miss Fairhead.	60155 No. 6. P., Ella Coyne.	60202 No. 12. P., Isabelle Evans.
60025 Div. 9. P., Sister M. A.	60068 Div. 7. P., Sister M. Thecla.	60111 No. 8. P., Miss Walk.	60156 No. 7. P., Mary Ambrose.	60203 No. 13. P., Mary Cooney.
60026 Div. 10. P., Sister M. R.	60069 Div. 8. P., Sister Malba.	60112 No. 9. P., Miss Kennedy.	60157 No. 8. P., Catherine Drucke.	60204 7th Dist. Sch. Bands. No. 1. P., Frank L. Williams.
60027 Div. 11. P., Sister C.	60070 Div. 9. P., Sister A. Loretta.	60113 No. 10. P., Miss Southgate.	60158 No. 9. P., Mary Donnelly.	60205 No. 2. P., F. M. Russell.
60028 Div. 12. P., Sister M. H.	60071 Div. 10. P., Sister M. Fidelis.	60114 No. 11. P., Miss Teames.	60159 No. 10. P., Jennie Littell.	60206 No. 3. P., Fannie B. Williams.
60029 Div. 13. P., Sister L. B.	60072 Div. 11. P., Sister M. Gerald.	60115 1st Dist. Sch. Bands. No. 1. P., Perry Canfield.	60160 No. 11. P., Mary Schultze.	60207 No. 4. P., Mary Allen.
60030 Div. 14. P., Sister L.	60073 Div. 12. P., Sister M. Norbedine.	60116 No. 2. P., Lena Martin.	60161 No. 12. P., Maggie O'Donnell.	60208 No. 5. P., Tillie Young.
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60033 Div. 17. P., Sister B.	60076 Div. 15. P., Sister H. Teresa.	60119 No. 5. P., Ella M. Hall.	60164 No. 15. P., Mahala Pugh.	60211 No. 8. P., Maggie Bell.
60034 Div. 18. P., Sister I.	60077 <i>Washington, D. C.</i> Brent School Bands. Little Defenders. P., Miss Ethel Nelson.	60120 No. 6. P., Seddie J. Howard.	60165 No. 16. P., Clara Rodgers.	60212 No. 9. P., Lula Smith.
60035 <i>East Otto, N. Y.</i> Snow Band. P., John O'Brien.	60078 Kind Hearted. P., Miss Bessie M. Harri- son.	60121 No. 7. P., Alice M. Gerhard.	60166 No. 17. P., Anna Johnson.	60213 No. 10. P., D. W. McLeod.
60036 <i>Wier, Ga.</i> New Hope Academy Band. P.,	60079 Dent School Bands. Sunshine. P., Miss M. L. Sanderson.	60122 No. 8. P., Kate C. Johnson.	60167 No. 18. P., Mary Gilmartin.	60214 No. 11. P., Elsie Gooch.
60037 <i>Alexandria, Minn.</i> Public School Bands. 3d Grade. P., Sylvester Linperich.	60080 Little Sunbeams. P., Miss Jessie E. Brown.	60123 No. 9. P., Clara Seeman.	60168 4th Dist. Sch. Bands. No. 1. P., Arnold Ellis.	60215 No. 12. P., Zenobia Cox.
60038 4th Grade. P., Rosella Hedges.	60081 <i>Roxbury, Mass.</i> St. Johns Parochial Sch. Bands. Div. 1. P., Sister S.	60124 No. 10. P., Sarepta Rawlings.	60169 No. 2. P., Elizabeth Pyle.	60216 No. 13. P., M. E. Smith.
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60040 Dumb Animal Protection. P., Grace Franklin.	60083 Div. 3. P., Sister M.	60126 No. 12. P., Vittina Komescher.	60171 No. 4. P., Francis Evans.	60218 Kindergarten Sch. Bands No. 1. P., Olive Gray.
60041 6th Grade. P., Elmer Broms.	60084 Div. 4. P., Sister L.	60127 No. 13. P., Margaret Eniley.	60172 No. 5. P., Kate Callahan.	60219 No. 2. P., Claudie Webb.
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60046 Agassiz. P., Lois McEwan.	60089 Div. 9. P., Sister N.	60132 No. 3. P., Mary Shine.	60177 No. 10. P., Grace Everett.	60224 No. 7. P., Tillie Boots.
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60057 Div. 11. P., Miss Teresa Fennelly.	60100 Div. 10. P., Sister A.	60143 No. 14. P., Ida Hall.	60188 No. 21. P., Amelia Demmin.	60235 <i>Bear Lake, Mich.</i> Bear Lake Band. P., Melia Du Ganne.
60058 Div. 12. P., Miss Rebecca Geary.	60101 Div. 11. P., Sister F.	60144 No. 15. P., Etta Crockett.	60189 No. 22. P., Kate Huheey.	60236 <i>Merriam, Kansas.</i> Antioch Humane Society Band. P., Miss Nora J. Elsey.
60059 Div. 13. P., Sister N. B.	60102 Div. 12. P., Sister G.	60145 No. 16. P., Nona Spillman.	60190 No. 23. P., Anna Francis.	60237 <i>Metropolitan, Mich.</i> Metropolitan Band. P., Alfred Johnson.
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			60194 No. 4. P., Lizzie Williams.	



## WAR AND PEACE.

It is time for knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end.—WASHINGTON.

There can be no PEACE which is not honorable, and there can be no war that is not dishonorable.—CHARLES SUMNER.

When will human nature be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of settling disputes without first cutting one another's throats.—FRANKLIN.

War is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs; it multiplies, instead of indemnifying losses.—JEFFERSON.

The song of the angel, "On Earth Peace" will not always sound as fiction.—CHANNING.

Let us have PEACE.—U. S. GRANT.

## OYAMA'S IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

[From the New York Press].

The great Japanese field marshal and, we believe, commander of all the Japanese armies, the Marquis Oyama, once said: "My idea of happiness is to dispose of everything I possess that belongs to the practice of arms and go far into the country with big boxes of books to read for the rest of my days; books that tell of happiness and progress, and not of the terrible deeds of war. And I would gather about me my best old friends and little children. Then, in the sunny days, all would be happiness."

## WITH AN HONEST MAN A DEBT NEVER OUTLAWS.

In an exchange paper we find the above, and add that with a dishonest man a debt does not outlaw half so often as most people think.

A debt may be outlawed in one state, but if the dishonest man or any of his property can be found in another state the old debt can be collected.

When [more than a third of a century ago] we were in the practice of law, we collected quite a number of just such debts.

## SEVERAL MILLIONAIRES.

During the year which has just closed several of our millionaires have gone to their final account, leaving nothing to charity, and the newspapers have published columns in their praise.

We consider this a crime against God and humanity, which should be made infamous by the American press.

Other editors must say what they deem to be for their interest, but if we could have our way every such man should be buried in some potter's field, and on his headstone should be inscribed: "He left — millions of dollars, and not one penny for the poor, the sick or the suffering."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## HAZING.

[From the Boston Transcript of Jan. 13th.]

Frantically waving his hands before his face, as if trying to beat off an imaginary foe, Henry Johnson, the nineteen-year-old son of Daniel S. Johnson, a farmer living near Lyons, Mich., died yesterday. The young man was brought home from the State Agricultural College a few days ago a raving maniac, and his parents attribute his death to hazing.

## PUBLIC HEALTH.

We take the following from the Boston Herald:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24, 1904.—If local inspectors will take their cue from the department of agriculture, every pound of meat offered for sale in the United States that has been preserved by any other means than refrigeration will be seized and destroyed.

The new food regulations which define pure food and fix standards for meats, wines, milk, groceries, etc., were signed by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to-day, and are now in effect. They will be enforced strictly in the department of commerce, and if the secretary had his way they would be enforced elsewhere.

One of the new regulations, as far as possible, puts an end to the use of acids and other preservatives, and hereafter when inspectors find such meat on sale they will seize and destroy it. This regulation is based upon the results of the experiments made by Dr. Wiley and his famous poison squad, which proved conclusively that preservatives are dangerous.

In the future, according to the regulations, fresh meat will be "meat freshly slaughtered and preserved only by refrigeration." Salt, pickled and smoked meats are hereafter to be "unmixed meats, preserved by salt, sugar, vinegar, spices or smoke singly or in combination." Sausages and other mixed meats must be pure, and bear marks telling of just what they are made.

The regulations also apply to importations of articles that do not come up to the standards, or that come under the interdiction of the department and will not be permitted to enter this country.

Milk standard bars milk from cows 15 days before and five days after calving.

## ADULTERATION.

[From Boston Transcript, Dec. 31.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.—Before the section of chemistry of the American Association for the Advancement of Science yesterday, Dr. Leon L. Watters declared emphatically that the extent to which foods and medicines were adulterated in this country constituted a menace to the health of the public, the extent of which could scarcely be estimated. "Labels have come to mean nothing," said Dr. Watters.

A prominent Boston lawyer said to us sometime since: "I never take up a copy of your paper, Angell, without finding in it something that sets me to thinking." That is precisely our object, to reach the people that talk to sixty or eighty millions of other people and set them to thinking.

## FROM A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE BOSTON SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

My Dear Sir,—I read with great pleasure *Our Dumb Animals*, and one important feature is that you sign your name to your articles. You are thus identified with them, and they possess additional life and character by the knowledge that you wrote them.

I heartily thank you for the good work you have accomplished, and specially for an article in your September number which shows true manliness and Christian character. I wish every pupil in our public schools could have your paper and if you can suggest anything feasible to that end will gladly aid you.

Very truly yours.

## CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

The whole number of animals examined in the investigation of complaints since last report has been 3,403.

104 animals were taken from work, and 141 were killed.

PLEASE  
BLANKET YOUR HORSES  
WHILE STOPPING  
MASS. SOC. P. C. TO ANIMALS



## Receipts by M. S. P. C. A. for December, 1904.

Fines and witness fees, \$162.09.

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Total, \$710.75.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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